Probably my last fill for the night

Lucifer is happy to writhe in Gabriel's arms, to press close and touch, to feel things other than skin and walls, to feel warmth instead of cold -

Gabriel kisses him, rubs back, doesn't mind that Lucifer doesn't want them to undress, not when Gabriel's happy to touch back, to have Lucifer here with him instead of *there*. It's a delicious friction, slow heat burning through him as he grinds up into Lucifer's hips and listens to Lucifer's gasp.

"Gabriel," Lucifer says, and slides hands up Gabriel's sleeves as he presses closer.

"Yes," Gabriel answers, and drops his head to lick at Lucifer's neck, bite gentle marks there. He can feel Lucifer's chin on his ear, and hears his gasps and moans and small aroused noises as Gabriel rolls his hips, and even when Gabriel feels like he wants to tear clothes off and get to skin and skin, he stops himself.

This is for Lucifer, and it's for the hot wet stain that Gabriel can feel spreading across Lucifer's pants, and it's how Lucifer grips at him, desperate in his grip even when he has what he's wanted for so long.

Gabriel tips his head up and kisses Lucifer before he guides Lucifer's hands down to the front of Gabriel's pants.

"Please," Gabriel says, and pushes into Lucifer's hands, and it's good, so good -

He doesn't hide anything as he comes, and curls into Lucifer's lap when he's done, holds on just as tightly as Lucifer holds onto him.